

dye did not take. Re-dipping the egg dyed the remainder of the egg which previously had been waxed, but not dyed. In this manner we were able to get several different colors on one egg. It was intriguing work and time passed quickly.

Almost before we knew it the late afternoon hours stole upon us. It was already three P.M. The road by our homestead led to the parish church. Pedestrian traffic increased to new heights for the day. Although it was nearly five miles to the church, it was more fun to walk than to go by cart. Most everyone had a horse and cart, but somehow the crude vehicles did not enhance the dignity or the grace of gaily clad femininity. The maidens delighted in lifting their skirts to their knees! No doubt it was thrilling to reveal those dainty under-things!—could this have been the reason they preferred walking? How else could you appreciate their pure white linen, lacy underskirts, or their exquisite head-kerchief? Certainly, not when riding in the cart!

On Easter morning, before we children had a chance to rise, "Teta" (Auntie) Skrupskas would come to our house with an abundant supply of Easter eggs. Ruthlessly indifferent to, and ignoring the arduous task preparing those works of art, that one would deem worthy exhibition in some museum, the famished youngsters proceeded at once to break the eggs, treating themselves to a hearty breakfast.

Confessions were popular on Easter eve, and communions were taken on Easter morn. The folks remained in the church all night.

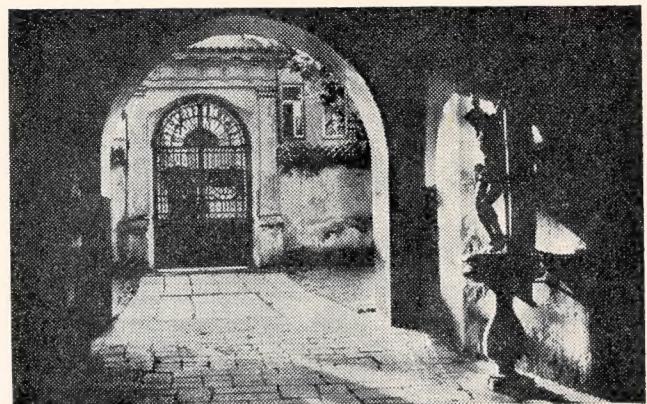
With the ending of Easter gaiety, we eagerly awaited the forth-coming Saint George's day, which falls on April 23rd. St. George is the warrior saint who killed a dragon. The Lithuanians harbor an affection for the saint, manifesting it in various ways. There are the usual celebrations accorded him in certain parishes of the land, and Lithuanian nationals eulogise this saint with special ovations. It is on the day of the first spring planting.

The stately dahlia is named after this saint, and in Lithuania they bear the appellation "Jurgines". On that day the dahlia bulbs are brought out from the cellar and planted.

My love for flowers was not unlike most of my countrymen and many flower beds surrounded my bedroom. Aunt Skrupskas had a large garden with so many varieties, that it was the envy of the villagers. Early on the morning of St. George's day, spade in hand, I was at her door. After the formalities were done I can remember how we lost little time in getting into the garden, starting immediately to work very diligently with spade and hoe. Now that I review these incidents I smile at the method by which I relieved her of surplus flowers. I maintained they were doing her garden no good, or overcrowding, and claimed them for my own.

Because of St. George, I too was fond of the stately dahlia, and I had a collection of many hues of dahlias — and peonies — carmine, red, heliotrope, dahlias almost black, and white and cream peonies. When done with the planting of all flowers, special prayers, Tēve Mūsū and Sveika Marija's (Our Father and Hail Mary's) were said with the intention that St. George should bless the garden with a profusion of bloom.

He was seated in the parlor
And he said to the light;
"Either you or I, old fellow,
Will be turned down tonight."



Cloistered entrance to a Lithuanian church at sunset.

THEY SERVE

Pvt. Ronald Casebere was transferred to the Medical Detachment of the 310th Infantry in Berlin, and loves it. Imagine....he doesn't have to get up when that "so-and-so" blows his horn; no inspection; no retreats! The Army, it's wonderful! He also has Krauts who do the work for him; they think that he, too, is a doctor.

Marine Pvt. Marvin Metzger, a folk dancer from New York, was transferred to the Great Lakes, and is taking advantage of his proximity to Chicago to attend all the various folk dance sessions available.

Bill Saxton, formerly a Naval V-12 student at Ames, Ia., resigned to join the Navy and received his boot training at Great Lakes, where his brother, Dean, PhM2/C, has been stationed for the past two years. Dean, besides being a folk dance enthusiast, has become interested in the study of the bible, and as a result he now leads a Naval-Youth-for-Christ group. Bill spent a week at home in Plymouth, Mich., after completing his boot training.

S/Sgt. Willfred Vežis re-enlisted in the Army and received a furlough which enabled him to attend the wedding of his buddy and neighbor, Arthur Tumosa. Boy, you should have seen him Jitterburg!

Tall and handsome Bob Morris was home on a three-week leave from overseas and is now back at San Francisco. Bob has been in the service for two years; on the second day of the Okinawa invasion he was wounded, and has been given a purple heart.

Our Chaplain Rodney Shaw was robbed in the great city of San Francisco. Here is his account; "Yes sir, the citizenry here is really hospitable. At any rate they really took us in — to the extent of \$500 worth of goods stolen from the car the second night we were there. We were wondering what to do with the stuff. They solved the problem for us. However, we'd just as soon have worked out our own solution!"

OUR VETS



William Joseph Migon MaM 1/C was discharged from his Mailman's duties with the Navy and has gone back to the post office job he held before the war. Once a mailman always a mailman. Bill was in the service for over three years, and for a long time he was stationed at the U. of Ill. in Champaign, and then distributed mail

while sailing. Now, he distributes mail as a civilian. Bill is one of the excellent dancers of the Polish group at NW.

T/Sgt. Charles Jennings who saw duty in the China-Burma-India theatre for nearly three years, has his discharge from the service and is back in Fairhope. Charles saw plenty of rough living in that theatre of operations, not to mention, monsoons, rainy seasons and general mood.

M/Sgt. William Brilliant was discharged on Feb. 2nd, signed up with St. John's College at Annapolis, Md., and flew to Berkeley, Cal. to see his brother Leigh enter the service. During his brief stop-over in Chicago, he dropped in to see me. I'm happy to report that brilliant Bill Brilliant, of whom we heard so little during his three years of service, looks splendid. Bill spent his overseas time on the Western Front. He is one of our fine LYS dancers.

Edward P. Wolod, Yeo 1/C was discharged in time to attend the wedding of Janie and Art. He was with the Coast Guard of over three years and for over a year in Japanese waters participating in many invasions. He was the captain's voice, calling out orders that directed the Iwo invasion. He was another of the LYS first class dancers, and a festival vet.

Cpl. Alex Savulsky was discharged the middle of February. Alex was the accordionist for LYS and a folk festival vet. In the service for over three years, he was located in Manila, P.I., with the veterinary Detachment (food inspection). When in Manila he had organized a Filipino orchestra and played in night clubs, thus, keeping his musical line in trim.

S/Sgt. Alvin Barnett was in the service for 39 months with the AAF. He taught photography at Lowry Field, Colo., and was 20 months overseas in the China-Burma-India theatre with the 40th Photo Reconnaissance Sq. and the 94th Combat Mapping Sq. He was mainly stationed in India and Akyab, Burma. In India he taught photography for the USAFI through Calcutta University. His future plans are to study six months of Artistic Photography in New York. Al, tho not an LYS'r, was a friend of all LYS members and was associated with our organization for many years. Even then, photography was his hobby. While in India, Al visited the Taj Mahal and the Shalimar Gardens of Kashmir.

Ethel Caann, an International House folk dancer was recently discharged. She was with the Red Cross, running clubs for the enlisted men, arranging shows and programs, and teaching folk dancing with the aid of the folk dance books written by me. She was on Oahu, Kwajalein and Marshal Islands. Now, she is at Int. House doing more folk dancing.

T/5 Joseph J. Jania was discharged on the 11th of March. He was overseas 11 months, located in the Philippines and Japan. He was with the topographers and furnished the invasion maps. He and his wife, Florence, are folk dancers from International House and when Joe was still in the U.S. and Florence following him, they taught folk dancing at the USO centers of the camps near his location. Glad to have you back home, pal.

Lt. William Scotty Bain was in the service over four years and the roughest time were spent in the Aleutians during the early war days. But his last two years were spent largely at Ft. Knox, teaching tank warfare. Before discharge Scotty was hospitalized for an operation at Gardiner Hospital. His wife, Beth, is nursing at Wesley Hospital. Now he can be sick for nothing. Scotty is a Park House folk dancer. He is now studying in a Traffic School.

Cpl. Clifford Pazik, handsome husband of vivacious and beautiful LYS'r, Priscilla Kempski, is home now, too. For the last three years he was messing around the mess halls of Texan camps; now he will mess with Percy and his cute little daughter, Theresa Ann. Cliff is a member of the Polish Choir Sarmatia.

CHICAGO

Doris Rose, our LYS red-headed nurse, was transferred once again to Madison, Wis., and is located at the University hospital.... Joe Simbal underwent a nasal operation that kept him confined for several weeks, but he is doing well now.... Florence Jania couldn't leave the house because she expected her hubby from overseas. "All alone, by the telephone," she waited for a call from him. He finally called from Montana and came home soon after. Even Mr. & Mrs. Engelhardt returned from their Florida sojourn to welcome their son-in-law, Joe Jania, discharged and home.

Ex G-I's took over the "Family Club", Gene Grossman and Alvin Charnes became president and vice-president, respectively, of the family organization that honors grandmother. Gene and his wife, Eileen, just returned from a trip to Florida.

On February 27th was held the 51st Annual dinner of the Fellowship House with special honors extended to Mrs. Alice Mauck who has been a very capable Head Resident for 20 years. Miss Harriet Vittum, Head Resident of Northwestern University Settlement, was Guest Speaker. The event received much notice in the Chicago daily papers.

Bernardo Gomez, our Cubano-Brazilian Latin, is now doing some night club work, singing and dancing at the Lake Shore Athletic Club, and can he dance!

Mr. & Mrs. Dean F. Saxton Sr. of Plymouth, Mich., were visitors in Chicago. With them came their daughter, Margaret, and Val Kolin, Bill's girl. They visited Bill and Dean, both stationed at Great Lakes, and the de luxe coal mines of Chicago (Museum of Science and Industry). Yours truly joined them on their "under ground" excursion. On their return home they took Bill along with them for his furlough.

Chicago Catholic churches during Ash Wednesday (March 6th) were packed to so great an extent that large groups had to stay outside and form a line for the receiving of ashes. At Holy Trinity (Polish), the first contingent of Polish refugee orphaned children in their early teens, marched in as a group to receive their marks of ashes.

The Chicago Dance Council presented Devi Dja and Devi Uani at their monthly meeting March 10th at the Fine Arts Building. A large audience came to see these world renowned Javanese Dancers. To everyone's regret, each dancer presented but one number, for, on March 4th, the Sarong Room, where Devi Dja and troupe danced during the past years, burned down. All their music, instruments and costumes went up in flames; only two costumes, which were with portrait painters for whom these dancers were posing, were saved. It is a terrible loss and we greatly sympathise with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Henrique Hernandez (nee Betty Kuchara from Henry Booth House) should be discovered by some talent scouts. They do excellent Spanish and Mexican work; it is indeed a pleasure to watch them dance. Their children, Chico Jr., about 3, and Dona, about 4, are following the footsteps of papa Chico and mama Chabela. You should see these tots do a mean rhumba. Ay, mira no mas!